—Sacred Lines for Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 7, 1793, by H. Gram (Boston, 1793).

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Sacred Lines,

FOR

THANKSGIVING DAY,

NOVEMBER 7, 1793.

Written and set to Music by HANS GRAM,
ORGANIST to BRATTLE STREET CHTRCH, in *Boston*.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Several PSALM TUNES, of different METRES.

By the same COMPOSER.

Published according to Act of Congress.

PRINTED, Typographically, at *BOSTON*,
BY ISAIAH THOMAS and EBENEZER T. ANDREWS.
Sold at their Bookstore, No. 45, Newbury Street; by said THOMAS in WORCESTER; and by the BOOKSELLERS in BOSTON, and elsewhere.—1793.

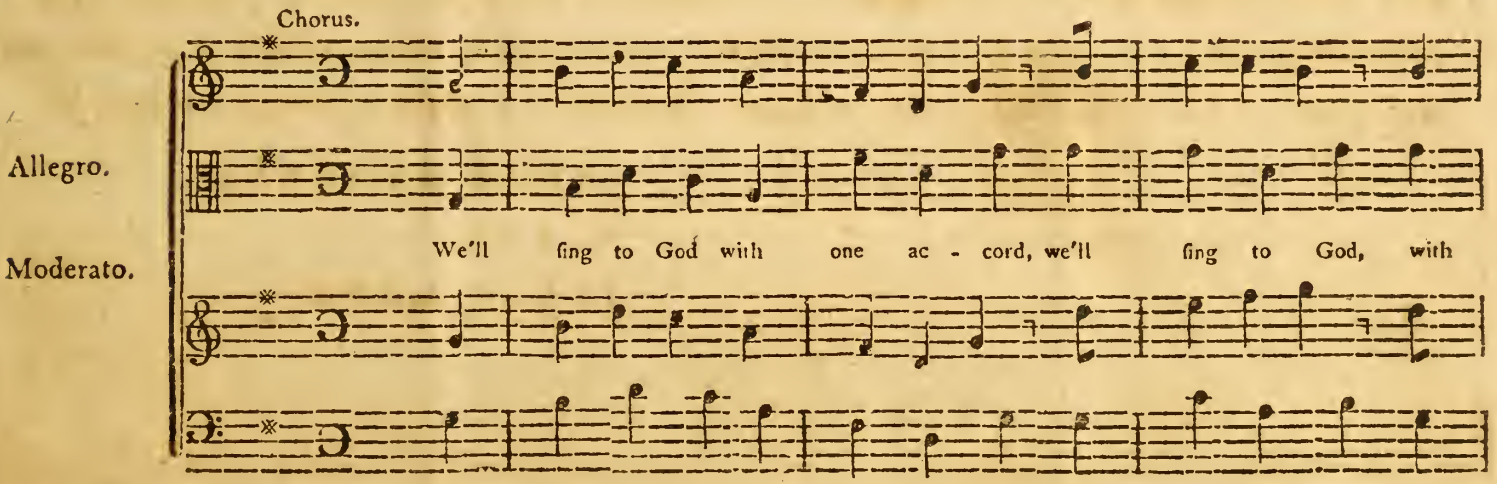
BOSTON, *Oct.* 2d, 1793.

WE the subscribers have perused a manuscript copy of an ANTHEM *and several* PSALM TUNES, *composed by* Mr. HANS GRAM, *of Boston, and do readily and chearfully give it as our opinion, that the aforesaid Anthem and Tunes are so well composed, both as to Melody and Harmony, as to render them deserving of a favourable reception from every lover of sacred Music; and we do hereby recommend them to all schools and singing societies both in Town and Country, as suitable compositions to be used on a Thanksgiving Day, &c.*

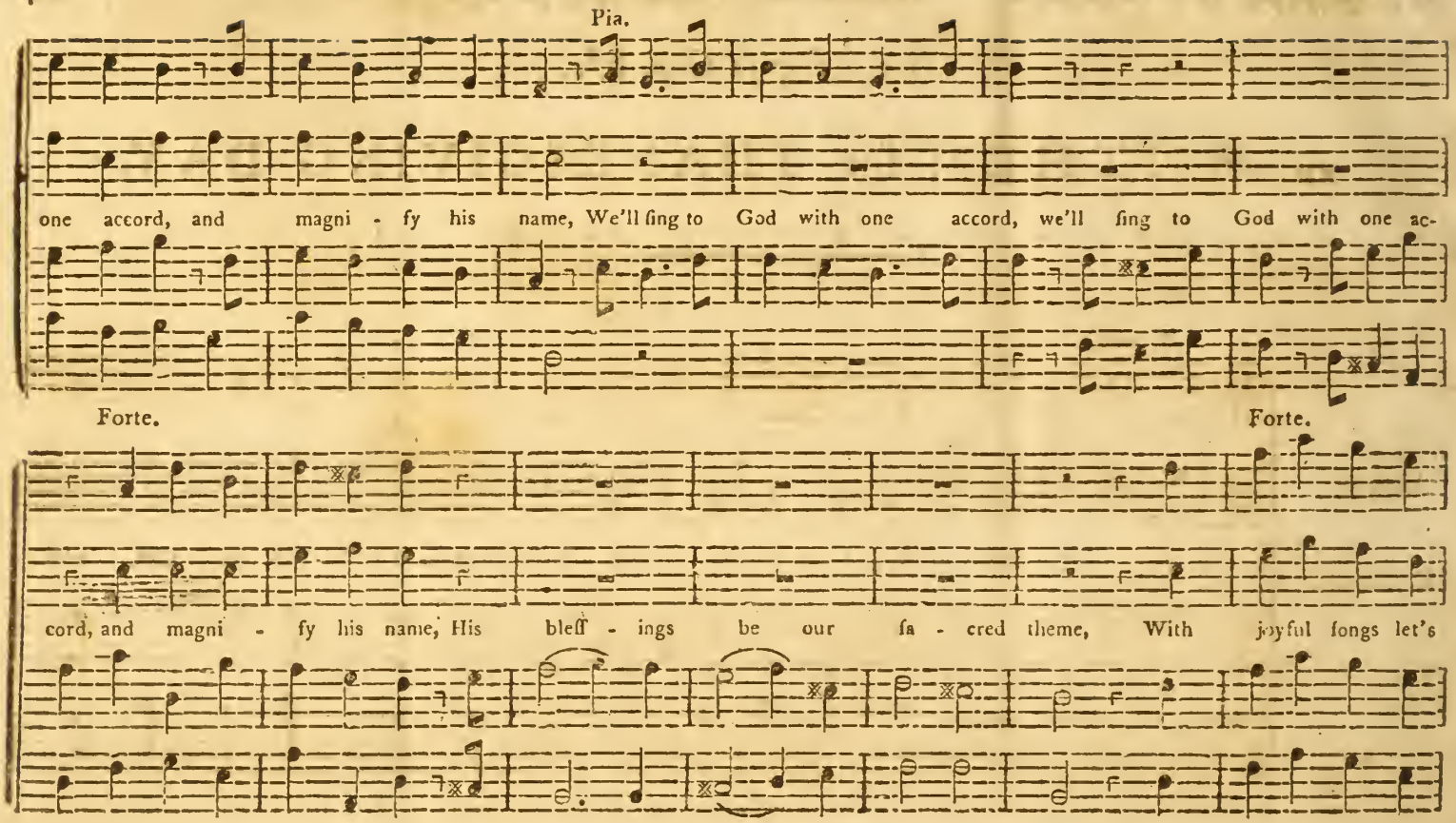
JACOB KIMBALL.
N. FAY.
ISAAC LANE.

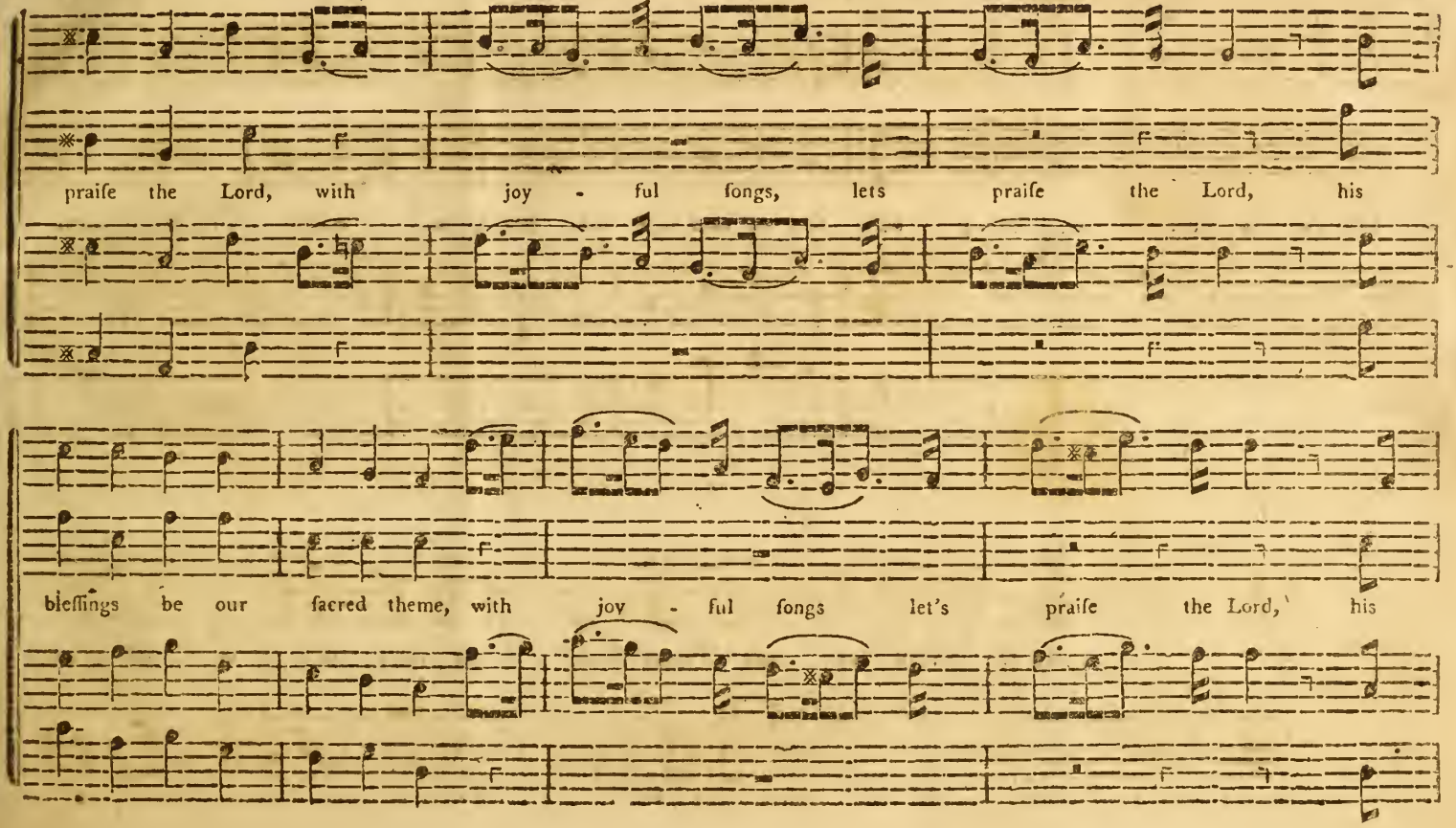
We'll sing to God, &c.

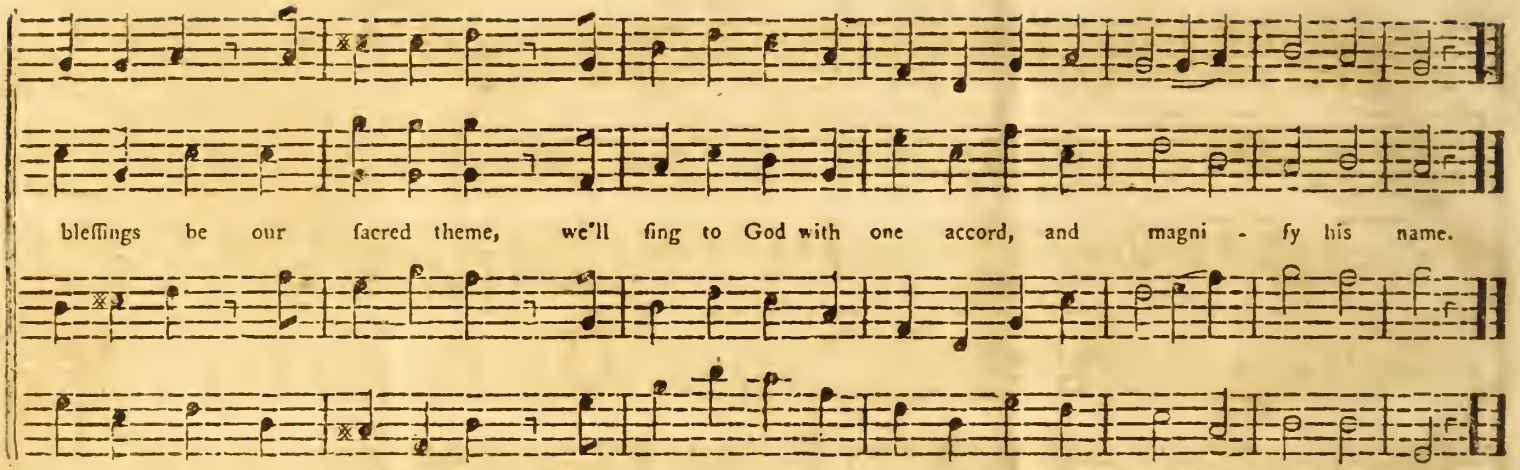
AN ANTHEM for THANKSGIVING DAY.



Anthem. Continued.

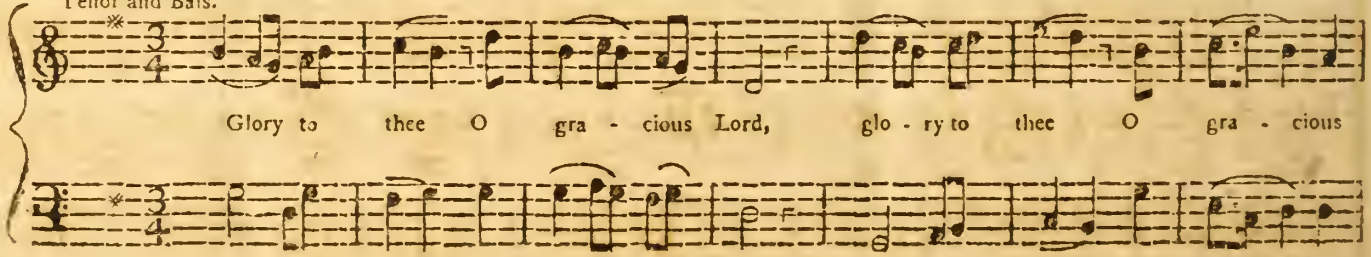


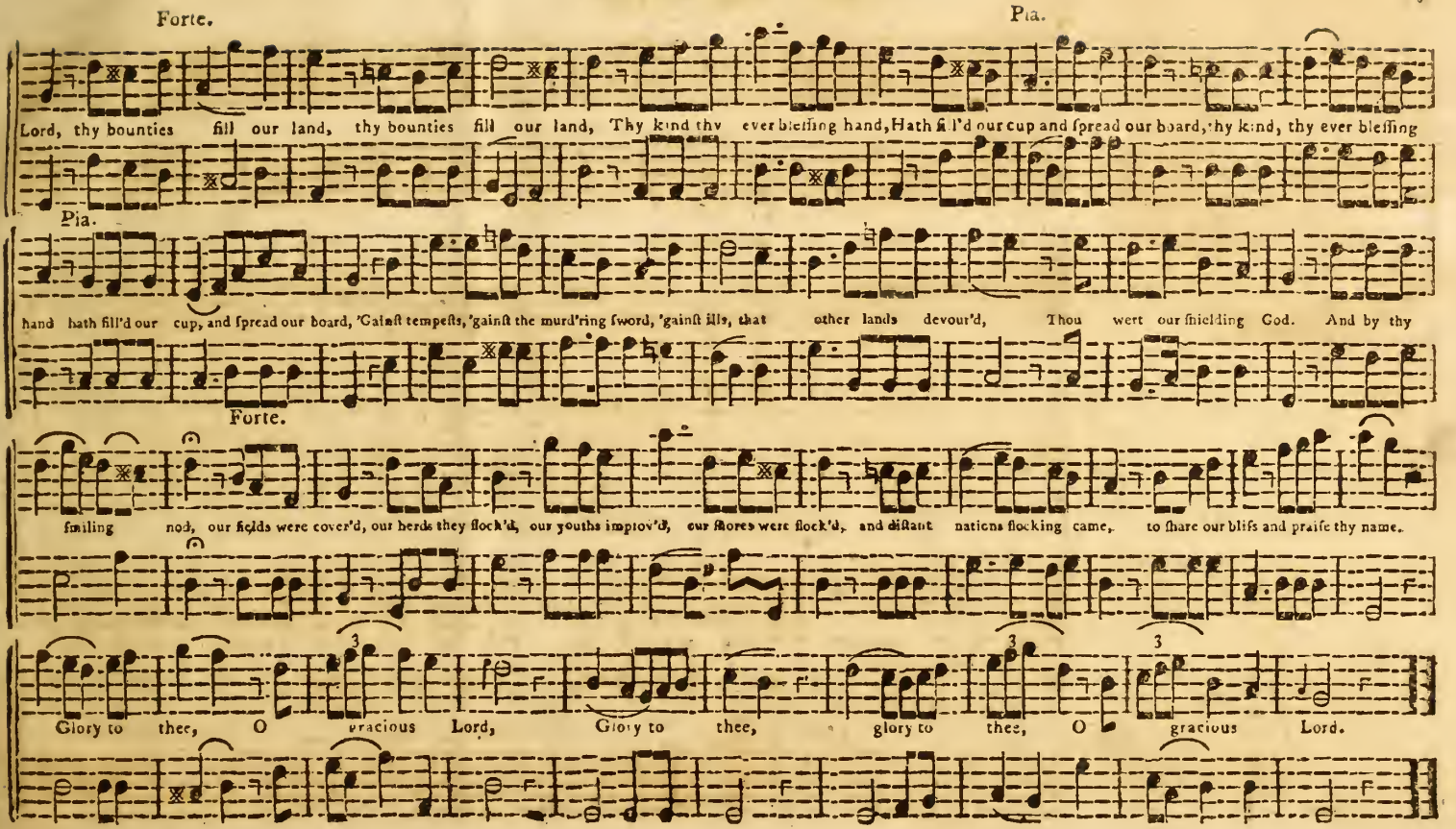

praiſe the Lord, with joy - ful ſongs, lets praiſe the Lord, his
bleſſings be our ſacred theme, with joy - ful ſongs let's praiſe the Lord, his

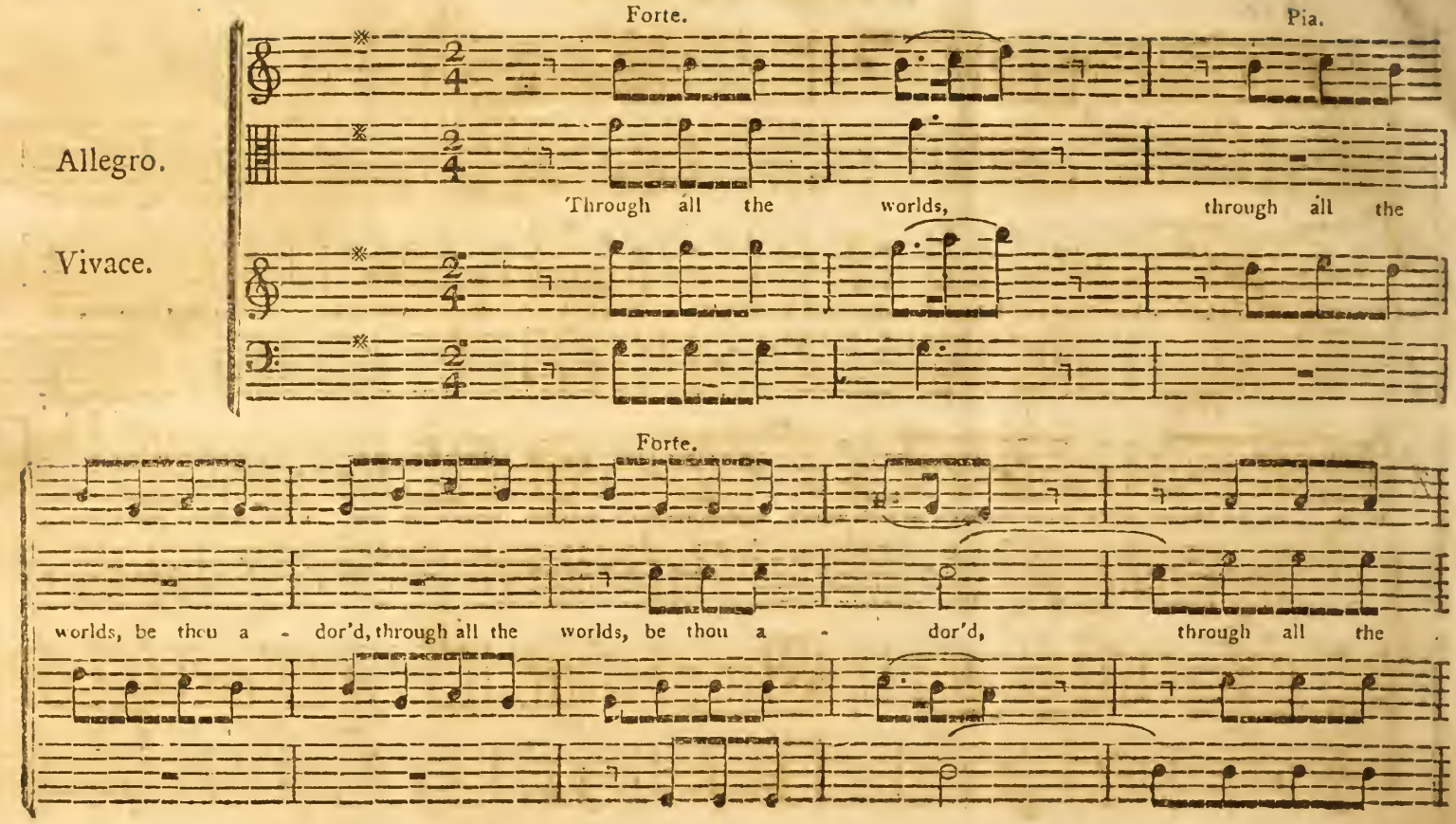


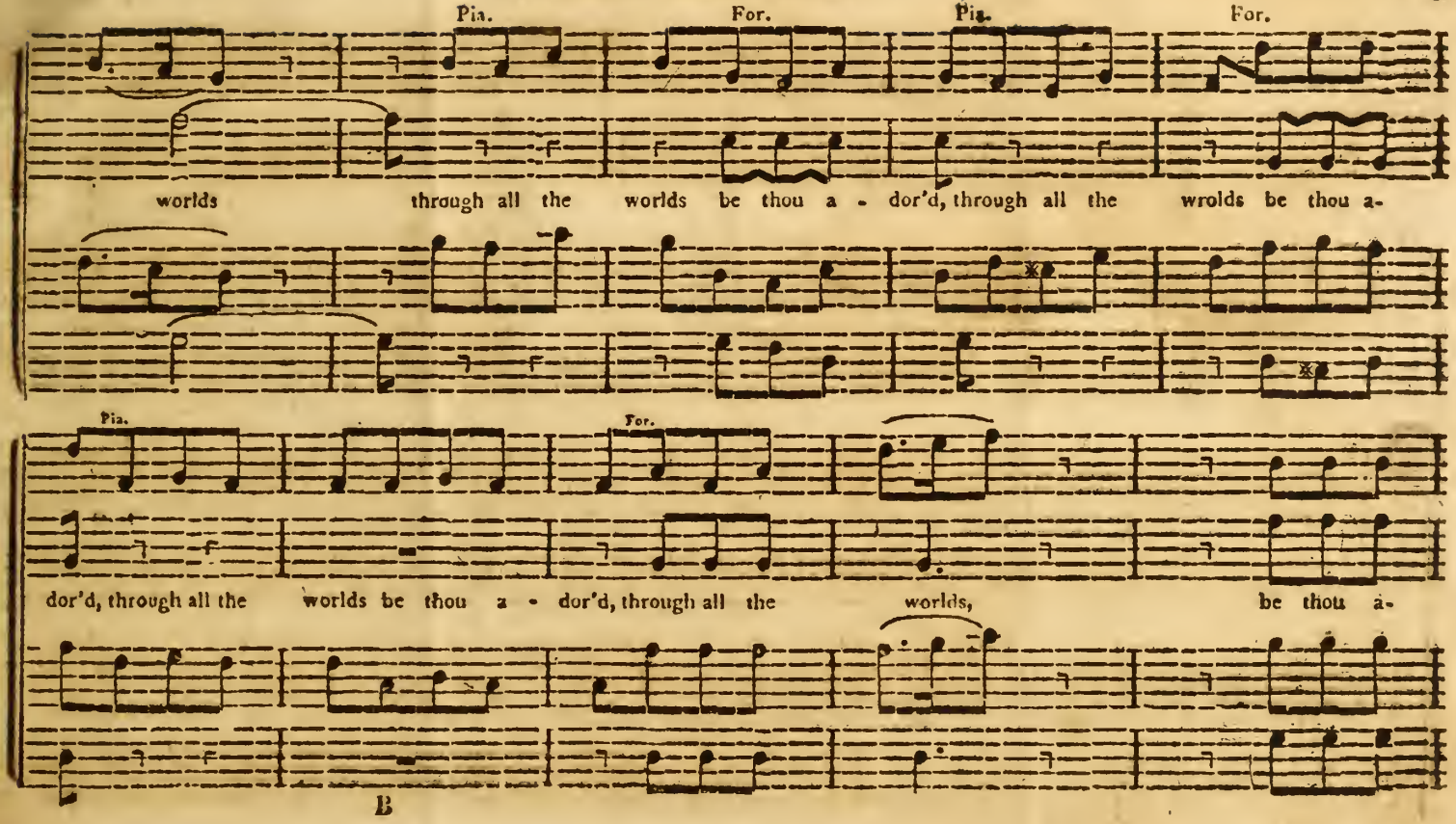
Tenor and Bass.

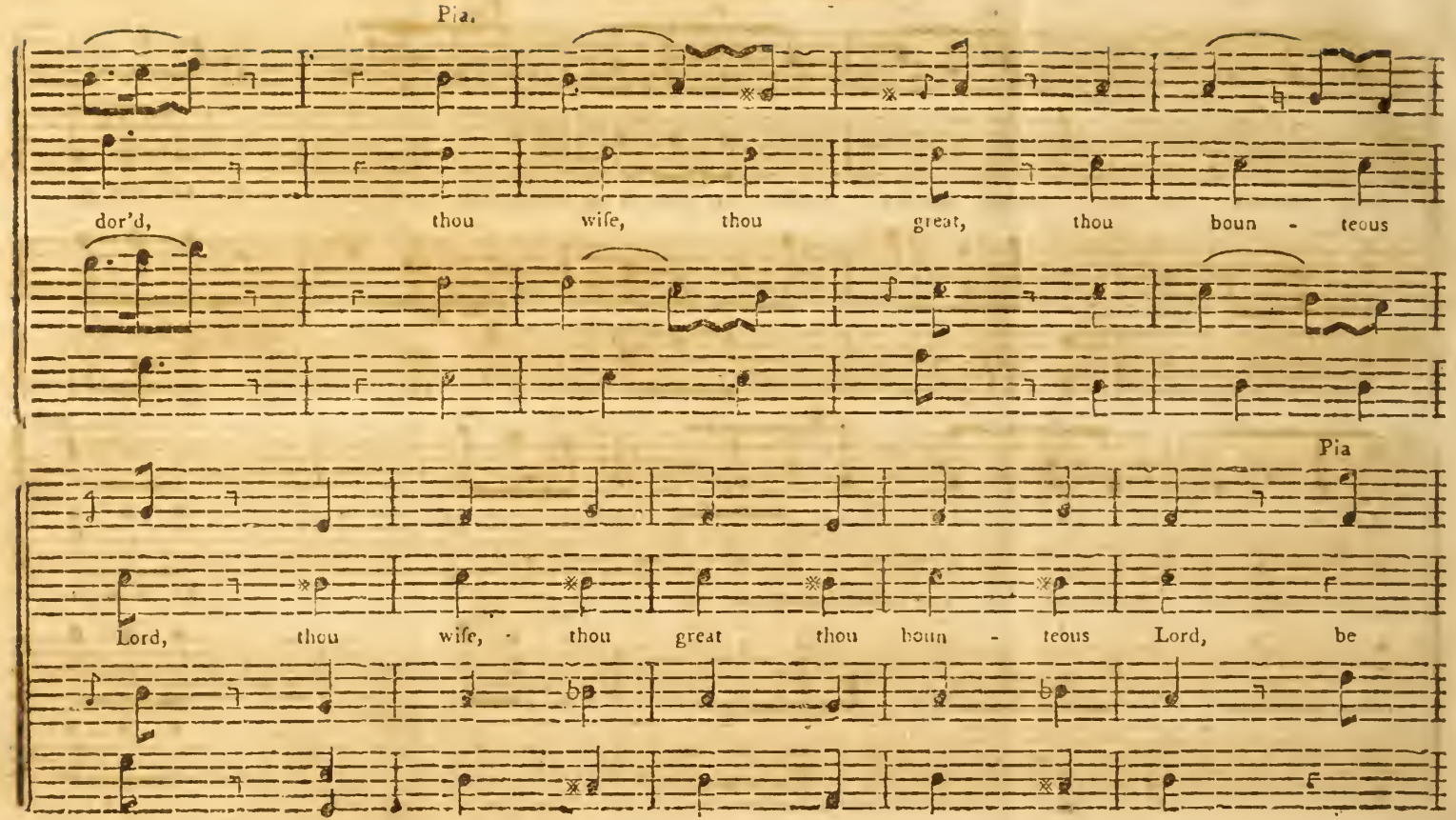
Andante.



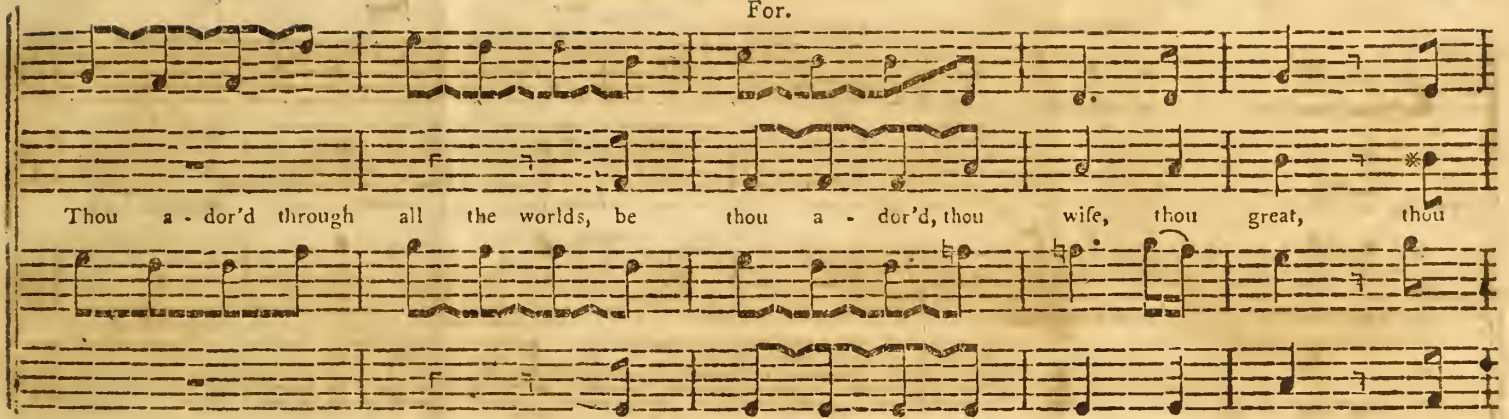

Forte.
Pia.
Lord, thy bounties fill our land, thy bounties fill our land, Thy kind thy ever bleſſing hand, Hath fill'd our cup and ſpread our board, thy kind, thy ever bleſſing
Pia.
hand hath fill'd our cup, and ſpread our board, 'Gainſt tempeſts, 'gainſt the murd'ring ſword, 'gainſt ills, that other lands devour'd, Thou wert our ſhielding God. And by thy
Forte.
ſmiling nod, our fields were cover'd, our herds they flock'd, our youths improv'd, our ſhores were flock'd, and diſtant nations flocking came, to ſhare our bliſs and praiſe thy name.
Glory to thee, O gracious Lord, Glory to thee, glory to thee, O gracious Lord.


Forte.
Pia.
Allegro.
Vivace.
Through all the worlds, through all the
Forte.
worlds, be thou a - dor'd, through all the worlds, be thou a - dor'd, through all the

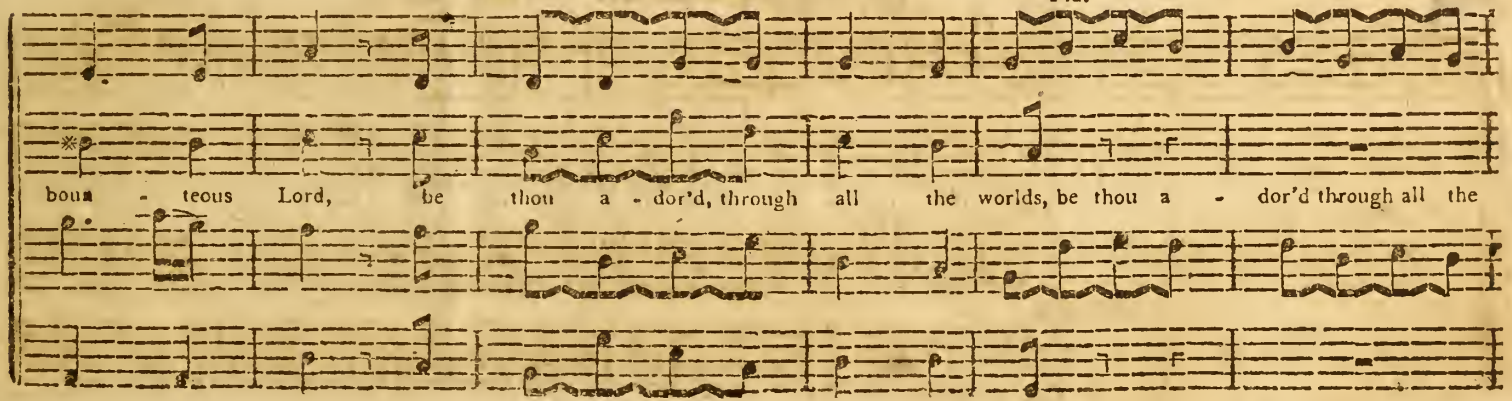

Pia.
For.
Pia.
For.
worlds through all the worlds be thou a - dor'd, through all the wrolds be thou a-
Pia.
For.
dor'd, through all the worlds be thou a - dor'd, through all the worlds, be thou a-
B

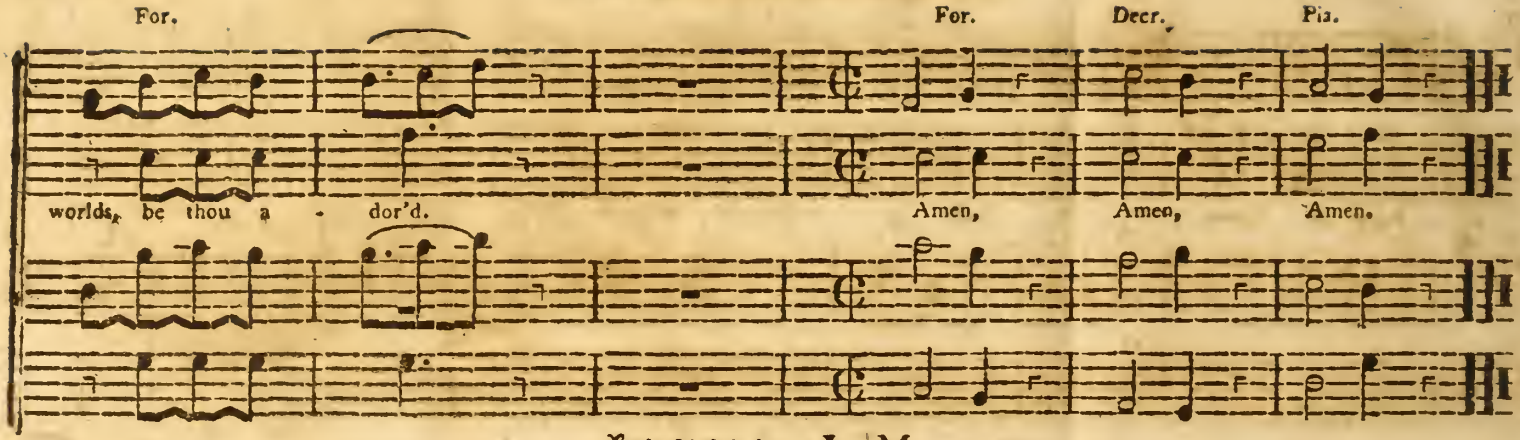

Pia.
dor'd, thou wife, thou great, thou boun - teous
Pia
Lord, thou wife, thou great thou boun - teous Lord, be

For.

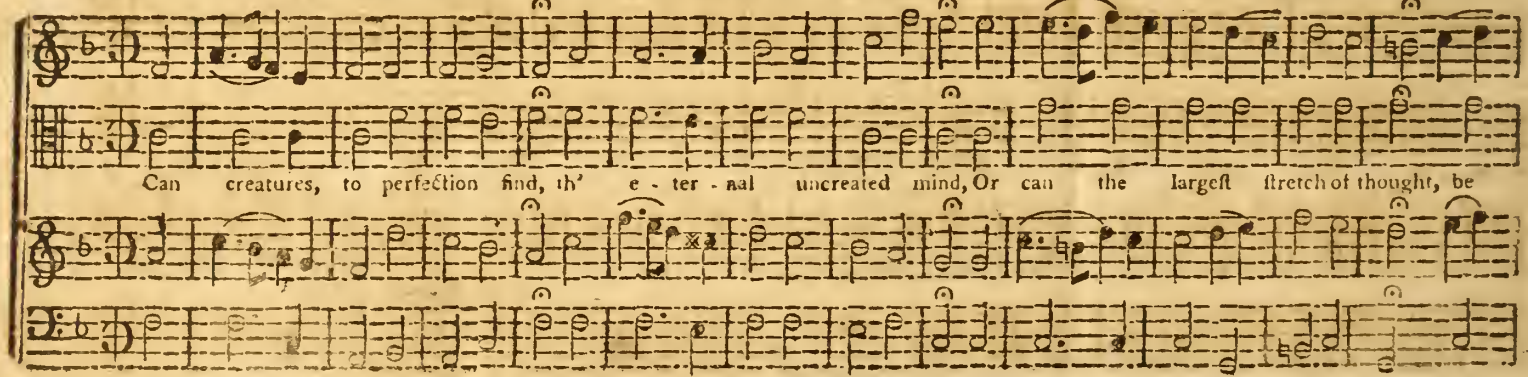

Thou a - dor'd through all the worlds, be thou a - dor'd, thou wise, thou great, thou

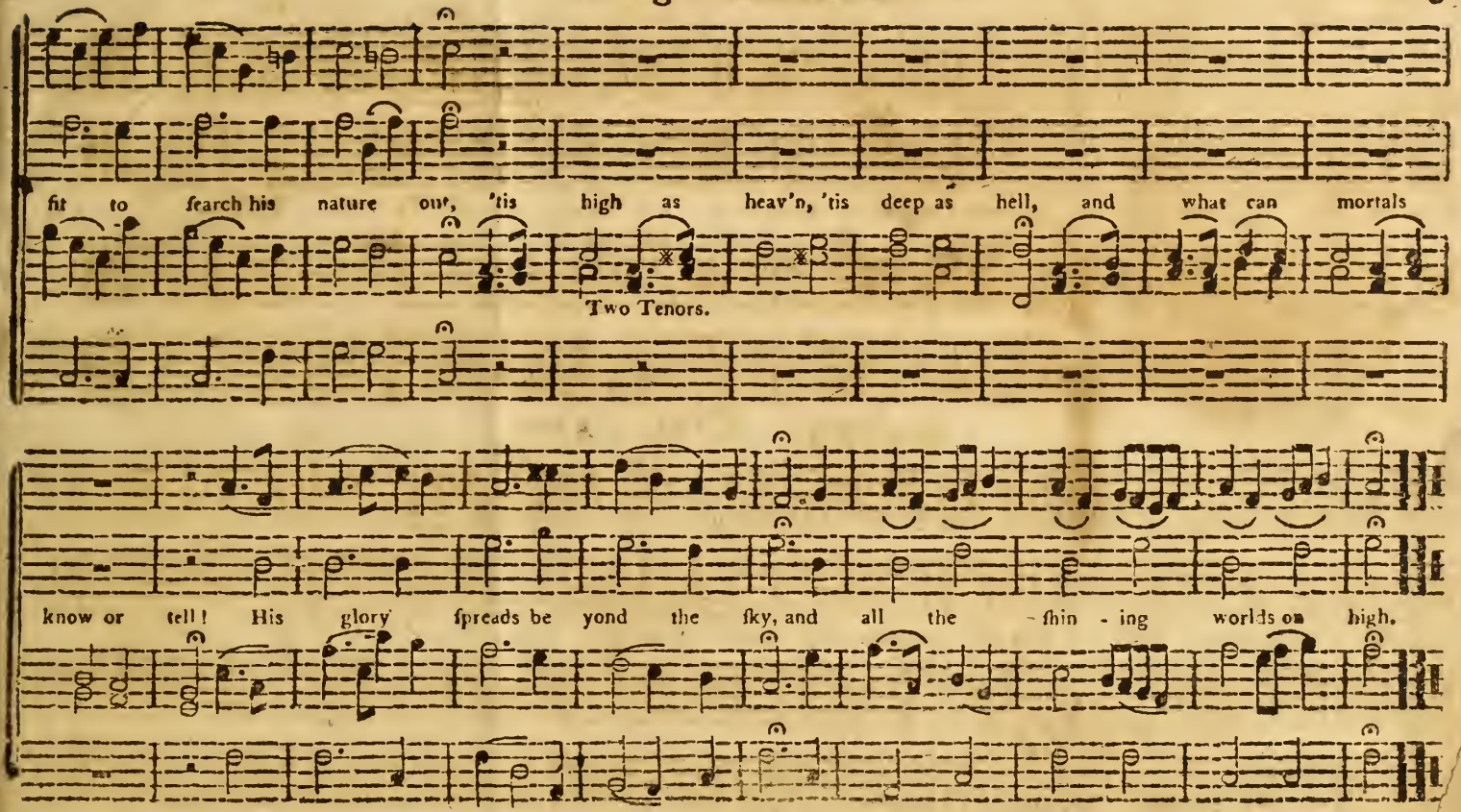
Pia.


boun - teous Lord, be thou a - dor'd, through all the worlds, be thou a - dor'd through all the

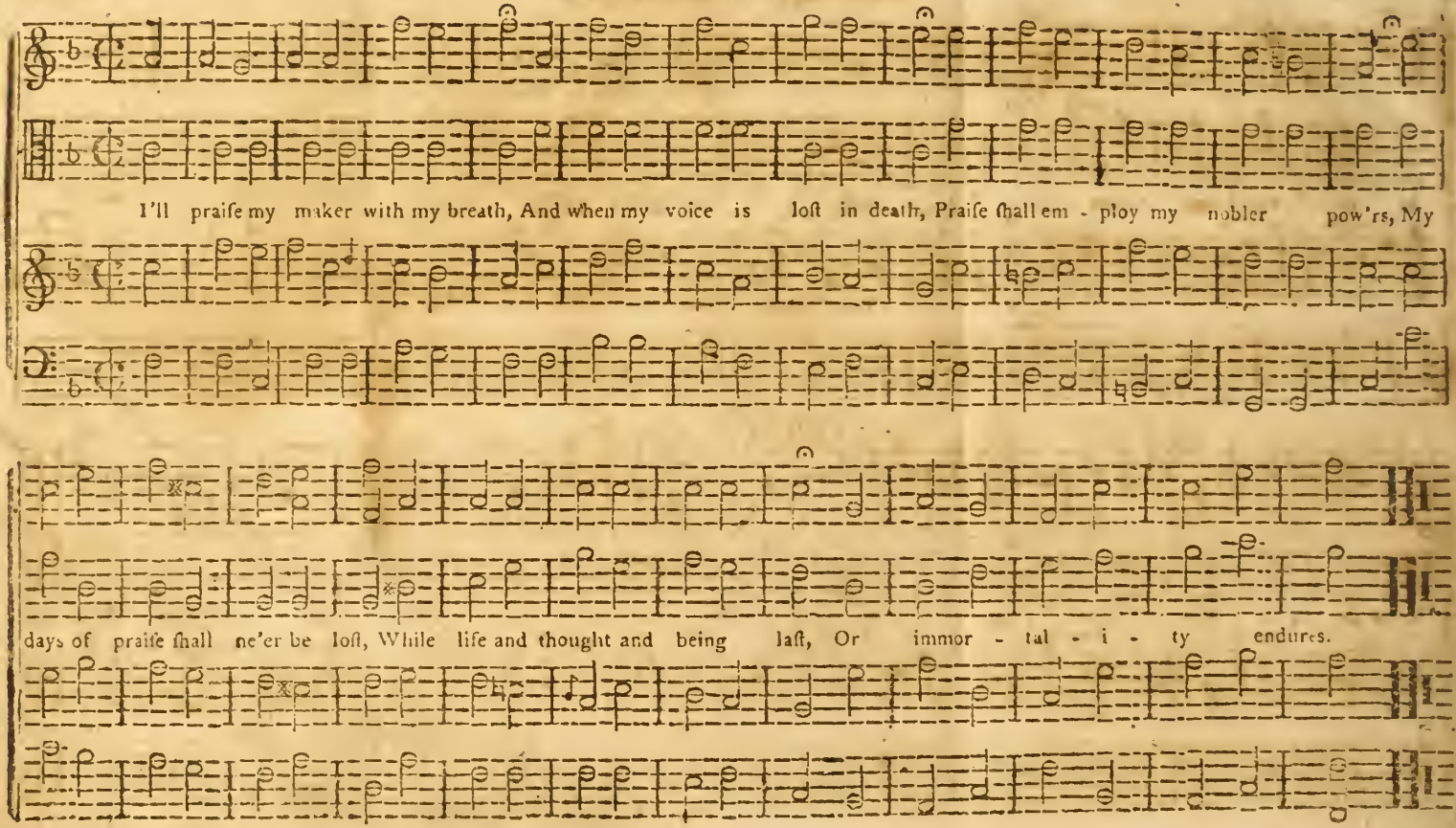


Homage. L. M. A ſtave.

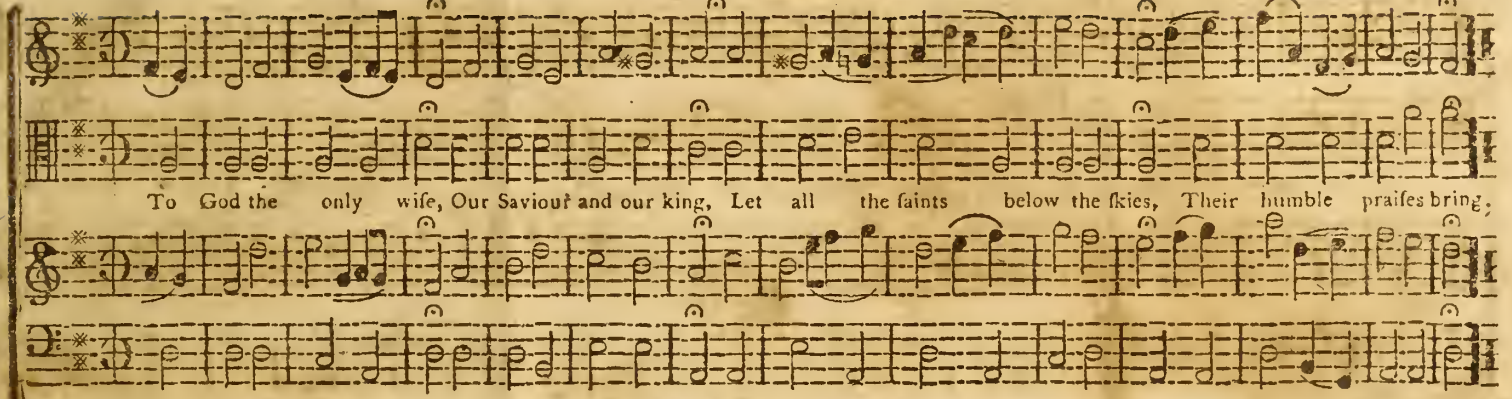



fit to ſearch his nature out, 'tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell, and what can mortals
Two Tenors.
know or tell! His glory ſpreads be yond the ſky, and all the ſhin - ing worlds on high.

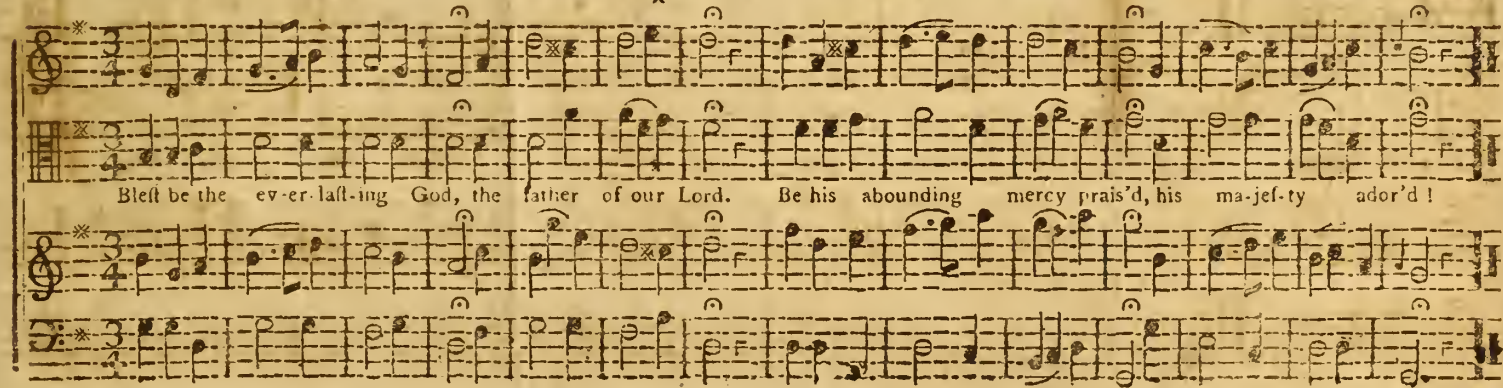
Devotion. P. M.

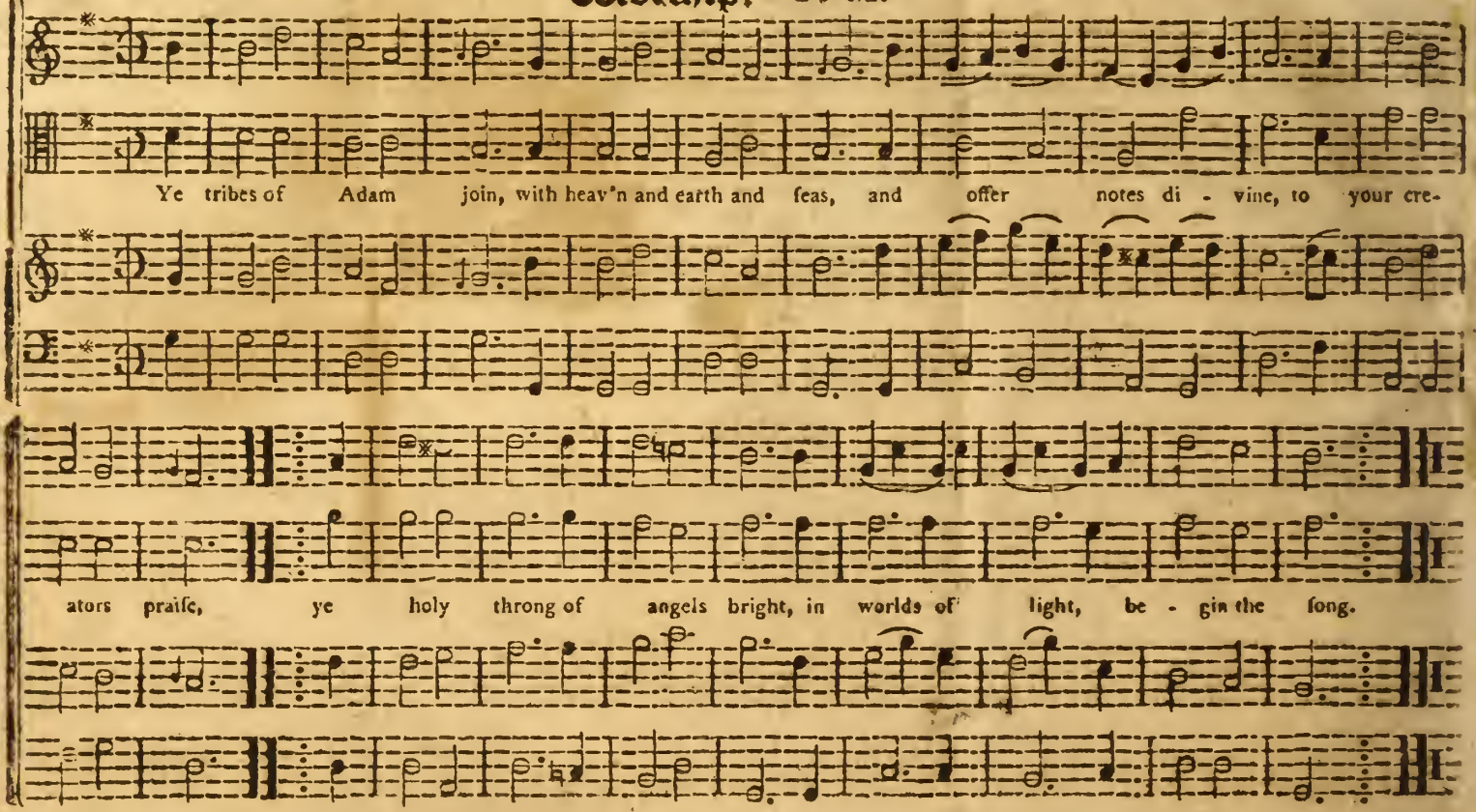

I'll praiſe my maker with my breath, And when my voice is loſt in death, Praiſe ſhall em - ploy my nobler pow'rs, My
days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be loſt, While life and thought and being laſt, Or immor - tal - i - ty endures.

Sabbath. S. M.



Praiſe. C. M.




Ye tribes of Adam join, with heav'n and earth and seas, and offer notes di - vine, to your cre-
ators praise, ye holy throng of angels bright, in worlds of light, be - gin the song.